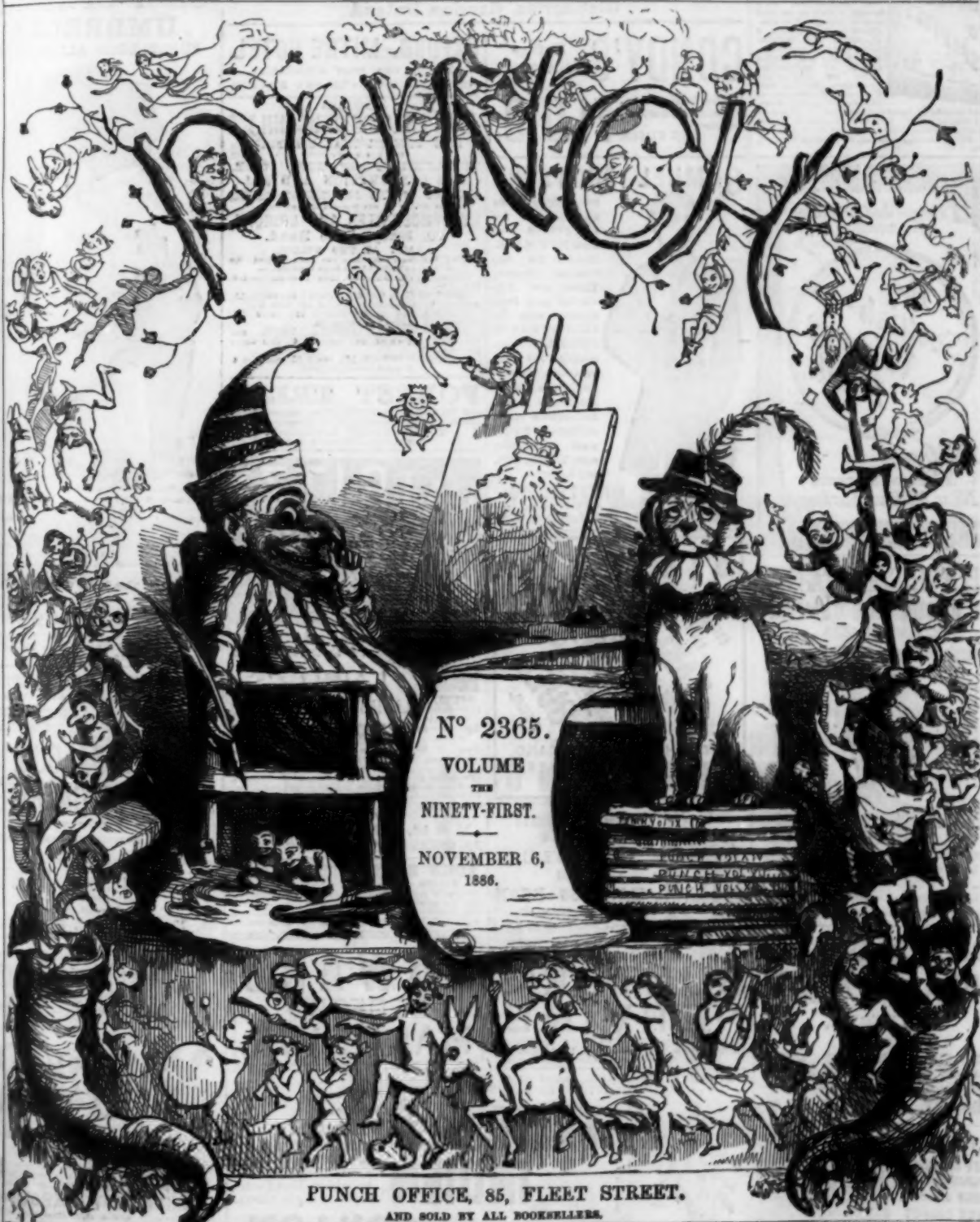


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THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A BAULKED STATESMAN.

Carlton Club, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

THANKS for your kind note. The situation is, as you say, a very difficult one for me, full of embarrassment and disappointment. Of course I am, as I said at Bradford, a sincere admirer of RANDOLPH. I cannot, it is true, speaking of him in a political sense, say that he is "a most respectable person." But he has many private virtues and some public ones. He is an indefatigable worker. His public appearances are confined to the platform of the House of Commons. But I have reason to believe that he is a regular contributor to at least two periodicals widely differing in character. He writes in the *Daily News* under the nom de plume of "METEOR," and he is a regular

contributor to Mr. Punch's waste-paper basket.

I am bound to say this from a sense of fairness. Whatever is to be placed to his credit, do not let me of all men, hide under a bushel. But I do not think I have anything to add on that score. Regarded generally, he is a terrible scourge, and has played the doose with me and other eminent and respectable members of the Conservative Party. I remember, as it were but yesterday, when he used to sit below the Gangway with GORST and WOLFF, and I used to frown upon him, and flout him from the corner bench behind our respected chiefs. He was not very respectful to me even in those days, and I well remember how one night he turned upon my Right Honourable friend Sir ROBERT FOWLER, then actually Lord Mayor of LONDON, and, as it were, rent him to pieces, amid mocking laughter. FOWLER has never got over that night, and now he is in Japan. GORST and WOLFF having done RANDOLPH's bidding, are comfortably provided for. He is at the top of the tree, whilst I meekly sit on a platform supporting him with my presence and avowing my admiration for his statesmanlike speech.

This is very bitter, dear TOBY, and it is only in the privacy of correspondence with a sympathetic soul like you that I can unburden myself. But think for a moment of my position. I was a personage in the House of Commons before RANDOLPH's face was known there. I carefully, and I may say with some success, modelled my style on that of another respected leader of the Party. When Mr. DISRAELI was removed from the House of Commons, I felt my time was near at hand. STAFFORD NORTHCOKE, of course, must have his turn. But after him there was none on the Front Bench to dispute Parliamentary precedence with me. Then, out of nothing, coming from no whither, springs up this impudent sprite—I mean this patriotic Statesman, who walks over us all, kicking and trampling, and coolly taking the highest place at the table.

If one might have free scope for vituperation, the situation would be bearable. If I might stand up in the House of Commons, or on the platform at Bradford, and for fifteen minutes frankly discuss RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, I should feel better. But it won't do. We've tried it before. I took my part in the attempt to oust him from the Chairmanship of the Caucus. But he suddenly dined with the Markies, squared things all round, and left us in the lurch. He took his fling, not only with persons, but with the Party. A year ago we were Conservatives. To-day we are pledged to carry out a more complete Radical programme than GLADSTONE ever ventured to prepare; and

then the movements are so sudden. I didn't know till I had left the platform at Bradford that I was not going to be pledged to the principle of community of portable property, or to that of "the tramways free as air to working men." That may come any day.

In the meantime, what is to be done? ASHMEAD BARTLETT proposes that we should take a leaf from history. "He's worse than PEEL at the time of the Corn Laws," he says. "You be Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, and I'll be Mr. DISRAELI, and we'll worry him to death." That sounds plausible. I think I could answer for the BENTINCK part of the transaction, but the DISRAELI is not so certain. I don't know what I shall do, but I feel I cannot long stand this racket of humiliation. Sometimes I wish I had avoided politics, and gone into the Church. I would have become the costume, and I flatter myself my oratorical style would have taken in the pulpit. These are, however, vain regrets, and I can only threaten opposition on the Closure question. But, between you and me, TOBY, I fear that there also I'll cave in, and RANDOLPH will have his way.

Yours, despondently, H-NRY CH-PL-N.

AMONG Messrs. WARD AND DOWNEY's re-issues are several of Mr. FARJEON's thrillingly interesting romances. He has been trying his hand at a Christmas Book for Boys, which Mr. Punch has given to a youthful critic, whose opinion is worth having, if judged by the excellent one he has of himself. In the meantime, as to the present re-issue, who possesses these—*The Mystery of Great Porter Square*, *Grif*, and *The House of White Shadows*, may be considered a very Farjeonate person.

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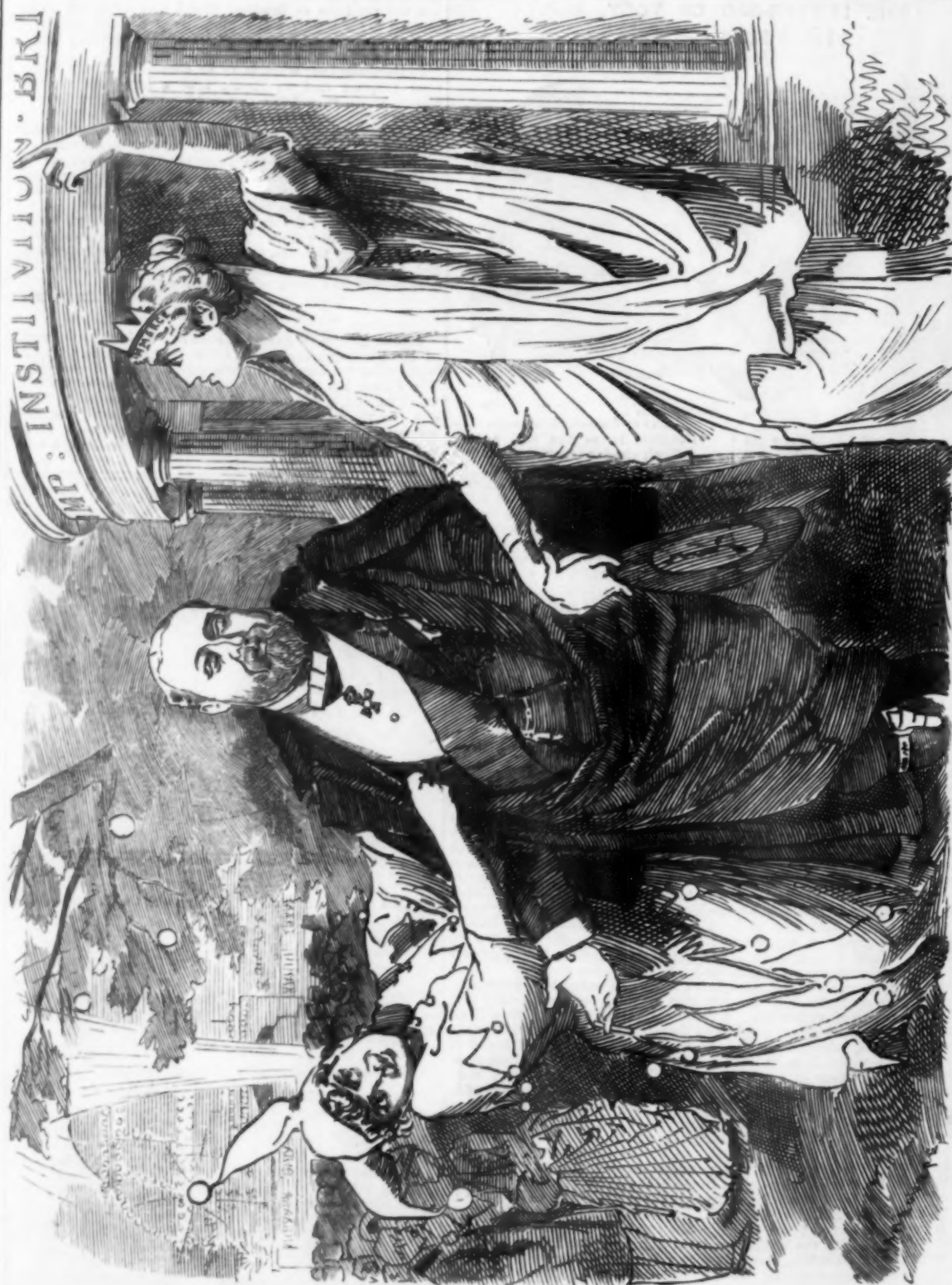
Some fine Form was exhibited.



Finishing the Game with a Cannon.



One Point Behind.



WHAT SHALL THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE BE FOR MR.H. BETWEEN CREMORNE AND COMMERCE.



Little Wife. "I DON'T THINK THIS BONNET QUITE SUITS MY HAIR, GEORGE."

Husband (shortly). "SH'A' THOUGHT O' THAT E'FORE Y' GAVE S'MUCH MONEY FOR IT."

She. "WHAT, MY BONNET!"

He. "NO; YOUR HAIR, MY DEAR!"

["So spiteful, y'know! Just because I'd kept him waiting a minute or two!"]

COMMERCE VERSUS CREMORNE.

WHAT COMMERCE SAYS.

"BUSINESS first, Pleasure afterwards," is an old and excellent motto. And when the business is Imperial business, on such a colossal and comprehensive scale as it must be to embrace the manifold relations of mutual affection and interest between Great Britain and her world-scattered Colonies and Dependencies, the motto applies with more than usual fulness and force.

For great occasions, great enterprises! A Royal Jubilee does not occur every year, or even every century. Ten thousand additional tea-garden lamps will not suffice to mark what must be so memorable, and may be so fruitful a conjuncture.

No one has anything to say against the pleasant illuminated popular shows which South Kensington has seen during several successive years, culminating in the splendid and suggestive "Colindale" of the past season. The public has been mightily pleased with them, and, quite properly, thankful to all, from the PRINCE downwards, who have helped to provide them.

But a Jubilee means more, marks more, and demands more than the best arranged combination of Exhibition and Pleasure Gardens can supply. The Empire is something more than a popular Show, and Commerce cannot make her home at Cremorne. The Higher Imperialism has laid hold of the public imagination. The unification of the heterogeneous items constituting what is known as the British Empire is the dream and the desire of all. Federation is in the air.

At this moment comes a rare and a striking opportunity of doing something practical on a large scale and in permanent fashion, in the direction of our desire, and towards the realisation of our dream.

It is above all things to be desired that the opportunity should not be missed, nor what is of almost more importance—misused.

Commerce, speaking gravely and earnestly in the name of the larger and more abiding interests of the Empire, demands that the Jubilee Institution, whatever form it may assume, shall be large in its scope and abiding in its influence.

An Imperial Institution—call it "Colonial Museum," "Imperial

Commercial Museum," or what you please—which shall be a comprehensive, orderly, easily accessible display of the realms and the resources of the Empire, a centre of intelligence, a bond of sympathy, a nucleus of co-operation, would answer to that ideal.

Shows and thronging sight-seers, Bands and Refreshment-Booths, Coffee-Stalls and Coloured Lamps, the Crystal Palace without its acrobats, and Cremorne without its dancing, will not.

The Imperial Institution to be worthy of its great occasion, and to subserve its large ends, must be largely conceived, carried out in a spirit of cordial co-operation with the representatives of all the interests involved; and—last, not least—suitably and conveniently localised.

South Kensington, whatever its merits and its charms, is not the unquestioned centre of the Empire, nor the undisputed hub of the Commercial Universe.

To help carry out this grand and fruitful Imperial Commemoration in the spirit, and with the aims above set forth, is a task worthy of the most strenuous and unselfish, the most far-seeing and fad-sacrificing efforts of every thoughtful patriot, and especially a thoughtful patriot who is also a popular PRINCE.

It is thus, that Commerce speaks on this great occasion.

Mr. Punch says ditto to Commerce. Or rather he puts, in his own inimitable way, views which are his own, and which he is sure Commerce does, and the PRINCE will, share with him. And the PRINCE and Commerce, of course, will say ditto to *Mr. Punch*!

BOOKS MUCH WARNE-TED.—A set of Standard Novels has just been brought out by Messrs. WARNE. Bless their old faces! Among them are *Mr. Punch's* ancient ventriloquial friend, *Valentine Vox*, then *Rory O'More* by LOVER, and *Jack Hinton* by LEVER, and *Ernest Maltravers* by BULWER, and *Peter Simple* by MARRYAT, and other tried companions of former years, who have as much life in them as they had when *Mr. P.* first had the pleasure of making their acquaintances. The delight these worthies will give to a new generation will soon show that though brought out by Messrs. WARNE, they are not by any means Warne out.

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WORD COMPETITION. Prizes, 10s., 5s., and 2s. 6d. For greatest number of English words from FIRST HALF OF "JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY." No names of celebrated men, fashionable watering-places, or joint-stock companies allowed. Lists, with one shilling in P.O. or stamps, by November 10th. Vicar, Hard-up-on-Heath, Notts. Profits for new warm-bath apparatus in Vicarage-House. Money, if insufficient, returned if required. Results, March, 1877.

NOVEL COMPETITION. Prizes, £10, £5, and £2 10s. FOR THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF A ROUGH SEA-PASSAGE IN THE FORE CABIN FROM BOULOGNE TO FOLKESTONE. IN PROSE OR BLANK VERSE. Entrance-fee, 5s., which please remit in stamps to Marquis, 75, Belgrave Square, before November 20th. Proceeds will be given to a local charity, which has not yet been decided on. Probably steam-roller.

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS OFFERED for greatest number of English words from FIG. Plurals, repetitions, prefixes, affixes, proper names, and foreign words excluded. Lists, with 2s. 6d. P.O., by November 15th, to Rev. H. GRABINOS, Clawum-on-the-Stole, Pockethorough. Profits, if any, for charitable relief of Advertiser's grandmother. Winner's name published. No money returned except through a Solicitor. For results wait for subsequent Advertisement.

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"MR. GLADSTONE EAT ONE POTATO AND TWO MUTTON CHOPS FOR DINNER." AWARD.—The Prize for the greatest number of English words to be found in this sentence, has been won by Miss SKINNER, 176, Queen Elizabeth's Road, Upper Holloway, but as the receipts of the competition have all been absorbed in medical attendance for the Advertiser, rendered necessary by excessive mental over-strain of looking over, sorting, and judging competitors' papers, this is to inform her that it must stand over till the next Puzzle is organised, when possibly, if the subscription is satisfactory, he may be enabled to let her have a trifle. N.B.—Removed from late address.

JINKER'S CONSOLATION PRIZES FOR BEATEN COMPETITORS.—£1, 10s., 5s., offered for most carefully written out text-hand copy of KELLY'S POST OFFICE DIRECTORY. When completed, M.S. to be delivered to "PETER," care of Hookham's Library, High Street, Wearum. Results, if any, published in 1888. Send entrance-fee of one shilling, directed envelope for list, and stamp, to same Address as above at once.

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AFTER THE PLAY.

SCENE—Mr. Punch's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH and Mr. NIBBS discovered.

Mr. Punch. I saw you at the St. James's, Mr. NIBBS.

Mr. Nibbs. I was there, Sir, at your Benevolence's request.

Mr. P. Strict attention to duty merits a continuance of favours. I went to welcome Mr. HARE, whose performances always interest me mightily. He is excellent in this new piece of PINERO's.

Mr. N. He is, Sir, admirable. There is no better acting anywhere just now than Mr. HARE's in *The Hobby Horse*.

Mr. P. Not having been everywhere, I can only bow to the opinion of an expert. What did you think of the comedy?

Mr. N. Of the—? Oh, I see it is styled "Comedy" in the bill.

Mr. P. "Comedy" is generic, Mr. NIBBS, and Dr. JOHNSON has defined it as "Dramatic representation of a lively kind (as opposed to Tragedy)."

Mr. N. Yes, Sir, and a Farce he describes as "an extravagantly ludicrous variety of Comedy." Now, Sir, with due deference to your opinion, I maintain that

Mr. Punch welcomes "the Hare Apparent."

The Hobby Horse,—which, by the way, Mr. PINERO would have done far better to have called the *Family Solicitor*, and to have ranked it with *The Private Secretary* and *The Magistrate*,—exactly illustrates the definition you have just quoted, and is, therefore, a Farce—not, Sir, the French Farce, which one of their accepted authorities calls "*la mère, de notre comédie, mère aux allures un peu libres*,"—but the English Farce in three Acts as understood by our nineteenth century playgoers, who certainly would not look upon it as a comedy of "manners," or of "character," or of "intrigue." And I should maintain further, that it is either a Comedy spoiled or a Farce spoiled, and so it is neither one thing nor the other.

Mr. P. Yet I laughed so heartily that I should have considered it ungenerous on my part to have inquired too closely into the method of their madness. I went to see Mrs. KENDAL and Mr. HARE, and I really did not care in what they appeared.

Mr. N. Yet, Sir, you have seen Mrs. KENDAL to greater advantage?

Mr. P. Well, Mr. NIBBS, on consideration I admit that the part she takes seemed unworthy of her talents. Dramatically it is nothing at all, and any less distinguished actress could play it without difficulty.

Mr. N. I am glad to hear Your Benevolence allow so much. Mrs. KENDAL gives the part its importance, but the part does nothing for her.

Mr. P. True, I am beginning to be more of your opinion every moment, Mr. NIBBS. Now, tell me—for I did not follow the details very attentively—why is it a Farce, or a Comedy, spoiled?

Mr. N. I will be as brief as possible. The piece is irritating. The motive of the whole action is so desperately improbable as to belong to the most outrageous kind of Farce, while the characters—the wife excepted, who is so entirely moulded, from Act to Act, by the exigencies of the imbroglio, as to be a fantastic creation beyond or beneath serious consideration,—are, all of them, allowing for theatrical exaggerations, so human as to be out of place in such a preposterous absurdity. That an irreproachable married woman, whose one peculiarity is a philanthropic hobby for turning her husband's house into a refuge for little waifs and strays—a notion evidently derived from the domestic history of a certain lady, whose frequent appearance in our law-courts has made the public familiar with her name and peculiarities,—should suddenly leave her home, and, under an assumed name, live for ten days in the house of a bachelor curate in Whitechapel, is in itself outrageously improbable.

Mr. P. And therefore farcical.

Mr. N. Decidedly. Especially as her object could have been obtained by fair means. Deceit would have been abhorrent to an impulsive and generous disposition, and especially so to a correct person like Mrs. Jermyn, who is represented as shuddering at an expletive, and who objects to the mention of ADAM and EVE, "before the boy." Then, Sir, that the bachelor curate, who is a mashing young muscular Christian, with a tenor's beard and moustache, and a great display of spotless wristband, should fall in love with her, is natural enough.

Mr. P. Decidedly. I fancy I should have done the same myself. *humani nihil alienum.*

Mr. N. A noble sentiment, Sir, and worthy your Philosophic Benevolence. But that this quick-witted lady, should not within ten days have perceived the reverend masher's development of amativeness is as unnatural as his passion is natural.



Mr. P. I own it struck me she was rather coquetting with him—and had it been a French piece—

Mr. N. Quite so, Sir, I anticipate the moral of your just observation.

Mr. P. By the way, I trust Mr. KENDAL is not unwell, as I was



Where was Missis when the Kendal was out—of it?

otherwise I might be able to tell you how it came about that *The Hobby-Horse* assumed its present form. My theory is that Mr. PINERO presented a farce, and that the absence of all serious interest was considered a fatal objection to its success at the St. James's. The obliging author agreed to introduce this element, and—spoil the farce. Imagine a serious pathetic interest being suddenly brought into *Box and Cox*! Say, for instance, that a passion inspired by Mrs. Bouncer should divide the long-lost brothers, and that a strong situation were reached by the unexpected return of Mr. Bouncer to witness the infidelity of his spouse! Would this serious element improve the farce? or would it not rather be utterly out of place, and the farce spoil by the introduction?

Mr. P. Such an incongruous mixture would be, ordinarily, a fatally inartistic blunder. Still, there are exceptions—

Mr. N. It is like Your Benevolence to say so, yet I do not see that *The Hobby-Horse* is one of them. But permit me to continue.

Mr. P. And finish? With pleasure.

Mr. N. I take your hint, Sir. Well, Sir, that finally the lady's husband, Mr. Jermyn, who is a vigorous, impetuous, manly old English sportsman, to whom the notion of anyone not going straight is detestable, and the offender unpardonable, should forgive his wife's conduct, and should accept as a friend and neighbour the amorous and reverend gentleman in whose house his wife has secretly passed ten days, whom he has actually seen embracing his wife, and on whom he must look as his youthful and handsome rival, and so consent to figure as *le plus heureux des trois*, is the crowning absurdity of these improbabilities, all admissible in English Farce, but not in an English Comedy, which should represent typical men and women, involved in a natural sequence of complications arising out of some highly probable mistake.

Mr. P. I see. It is a farce played by excellent comedians as a comedy.

Mr. N. Except by Mrs. KENDAL, who as a leading Comedy actress, can find nothing to grip in such a nonsensical character, and so plays it, bit by bit, sham earnestness and real frivolity, with an evident consciousness of its absurdity.

Mr. P. It is a sort of patch-work. Mrs. TREE is good.

Mr. N. Very. She has to represent the not remarkably original part of a gushing young lady, and to act acting. Her effusiveness about a Solicitor—which becomes somewhat wearisome on repetition—is suggestive of the peculiar burlesque type of which the patent belongs to Mr. GILBERT.

Mr. P. Mr. MACKINTOSH and Mr. HENDRIE, as the broken down Welshers, are, a trifle exaggerated, but still excellent.

Mr. N. They are, Sir. But can you imagine a hard-headed experienced old Turfite like Mr. Jermyn being taken in by a pair of such transparent impostors?

Mr. P. Well, no,—except in Farce.

Mr. N. Exactly, Sir.

Mr. P. Miss WEBSTER is a charming *ingénue*, and as for the Mrs. Porcher of Mrs. GASTON MURRAY,—(the lady was a lovely *Fair Rosamond* at the *Olympio*—with a delicious voice)—she might have stepped right out of *Barchester Towers*, and claimed ANTHONY TROLLOPE as her author.

Mr. N. It is all excellently played. Mr. MELLISH as Tom Clark began capitally, but, being encouraged, he overdid the boyishness of the young sailor. Criticism apart, it is well worth seeing. It is some time since I have laughed so heartily as I did at Mr. HARR as *Spencer Jermyn*. In such a part as this he is simply unapproachable, and inimitable.

Mr. P. Come, we have to thank Mr. PINERO for something.

Mr. N. For much, Sir. But what would *The Hobby-Horse* be without its present interpreters?

Mr. P. The town would soon cry, "For O, for O, the Hobby-Horse is forgot!"

Mr. N. But as it all turns on the silence of the weak Solicitor, *Pinching*,—a clever performance this of Mr. SOMERSET'S,—and as *Pinching* could really have upset it all at any moment, why Mr. PINERO didn't call it *The Solicitor*—

Mr. P. Perhaps he has another in hand with that title. But anyhow I have to thank him for his share in giving me a very enjoyable evening. *Au revoir*, Mr. NIBBS, *au revoir*!

THE OUT-OF-DATE OLD BAILEY.

(AIR—"Unfortunate Miss Bailey.")

Ye City Fathers, list to Mr. Punch, and take some action Which will be everywhere received with shouts of satisfaction. For when you undertake a thing 'tis not in fashion soaly, So vote the money to rebuild the out-of-date Old Bailey.

O Old Bailey,
You out-of-date Old Bailey,
You're a disgrace
To such a place,
You miserable Old Bailey!

For Judges, Sheriffs, Jurymen, the Bar and Press reporters,
For all professionally engaged, there can't be "closer quarters,"
Than those in which at Session time they must pass hours daily,
Ill-lighted, badly ventilated Courts of the Old Bailey.

O Old Bailey, &c.

Ye Common Councilmen, this blot upon the City odious
Remove, and build some Courts that shall be airy, light, commodious.
We don't expect a palace that suggests life going gaily,
But something grand, severe, unlike the hideous Old Bailey.

O Old Bailey,
Hideous Old Bailey,
You're the disgrace
Of such a place
As London!—Off! Old Bailey!

A CARD.—Lord BARRACKES will be most happy to portion out his estate among agricultural labourers into as many allotments as possible, and it will gratify him extremely to accept whatever amount of rent he can get for any one of them.

JAN VAN BEERS.

AIR—"The Shan Van Voght."



A "BAS-RELIEF;"

Or, A Basmo-relievo by D. Crambo.

And shall not Artists kneel?

Says the JAN VAN BEERS.

No! Artists will not kneel,

THERE'S a Dutchman in the town,
Says the JAN VAN BEERS;

There's a Dutchman in the town;
Though he's more than half a clown,

Still folks pay their shillings down,
Says the JAN VAN BEERS.

Oh! what should the English do?

Says the JAN VAN BEERS;
What should the English do,
But admire my red and blue,
And swear that I'm "too too!"

Says the JAN VAN BEERS.

But express contempt they feel
For your incense and *pastille*,
Mister JAN VAN BEERS.

Mrs. RAM describing an unfortunate man who had lost the use of his arms and legs, said, "My dear, it was a most sad sight! he was scribbled all over!"

SALE-ROOM CON.—Can an Auctioneer's craft be considered an unwholesome one on account of its encouraging *more-bid* tastes?



WHY, INDEED?

"MAMMY, DEAR, OUGHT ONE TO ASK, WHEN ONE DOESN'T KNOW A THING!"

"YES, DARLING. I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU TO."

"THEN, WHY DID YOU MARRY PAPA?"

LITTLE MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Freely Adapted from "Faust.")

Faust Marquis of S-L-B-B-Y.
Mephistopheles. Lord R-X-D-L-P-H C-H-B-C-H-L-L.
Brander . . . Marquis of H-B-T-N-G-T-N.
Frosch . . . Mr. C-H-M-B-R-L-N.
Siebel . . . Mr. J-S-E C-L-L-N-G-S.
Altmayer . . Mr. C-H-P-L-N.

Unionist Collar in London. A Drinking "Party."

Mephistopheles (to *FAUST*). I now will introduce
 This jovial, this united crew. [to you
 Life must not idly glide away,
 And we have had our holiday.
 Don't look so glum, or shirk consent,
 A little wit will all content.
 The Party which has lost its "tail"
 Its chronic sickness must bewail,
 But these—whilst their support they give,
 Joyous and free from care we'll live.

Siebel. What take you now these travellers
 to be?

Frosch. No matter. They shall never hum-
 bug me.

I fancy both of them are nobly born;
 One looks dissatisfied and full of scorn.

Brander. The other's but a mountebank, I
 bet.

Siebel. Most like.

Frosch. Have patience. I'll score off him yet.

Mephistopheles (to *FAUST*). These chaps your
 superciliousness scent out.

Give them fair greeting, though it strain
 your throat.

Faust. Your humble servant, Gentlemen!

Siebel. Thanks. We return your kind salute.

(*Aside, glancing at MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

How well he hides the cloven foot!

Mephistopheles. Are we allowed to sit among
 you? Then,

Even without strong tippie or small beer,
 Good company at least our hearts will cheer.

Altmayer. You're a convivial gentleman,
 'tis clear.

Frosch. You're doubtless recently from
 Berlin? Pray,

Did you with our friend Otto chance to
 sup?

Mephistopheles. Well, no. I passed his place,
 but did not stop.

I do not fancy he'd have much to say,
 Being a deep and diplomatic gent,

Save general greeting and bald compliment.
 Unless I err, as we drew near,

We heard some practised voices pealing.
 A song must admirably here

Re-echo from this vaulted ceiling.

Altmayer. Give us one then.

Mephistopheles. Oh, well, I'll do my best.

Frosch. And let it have a chorus for the rest.

Mephistopheles (sings):—
 Once on a time a Party

Possessed a clever—midget,
 The which they fondly treasured,

Though oft it made them fidget.
 Their tailor then they summoned,

The tailor to him goes;
 "Measure me," says the youngster,

"For collar, breeks, and hose."
Altmayer. Let him the tailor strictly charge,

The nicest measurement to take,
 And, as he loves his head, to make
 The collar neat, and not too large!

Mephistopheles. In togs too large and loose
 for him,

Behold the younker drest,
 With huge sharp-pointed collars,

Projecting o'er his breast.
 They Party Leader made him,

His influence was so great,
 And all his poor relations,

Held offices of State.

The fogies and old ladies,
 Were dreadfully distressed;

The Premier and his henchmen,
 Were bitten by the pest.

And yet they dared not show it,
 Or chase the midge away.

Midge-worship is so catching,
 The cultus of the day.

Chorus (shouting).
 Midge-worship is so catching, &c.,

Altmayer. Who now that midge shall catch
 and kill?

Brander. Hurrah for wine and Union still!

Mephistopheles. Were but your wine of a
 superior tap,

A glass to Union I'd gladly drain.

Frosch. Well turn us on a better one, old
 chap.

And we will join you in a loyal strain.

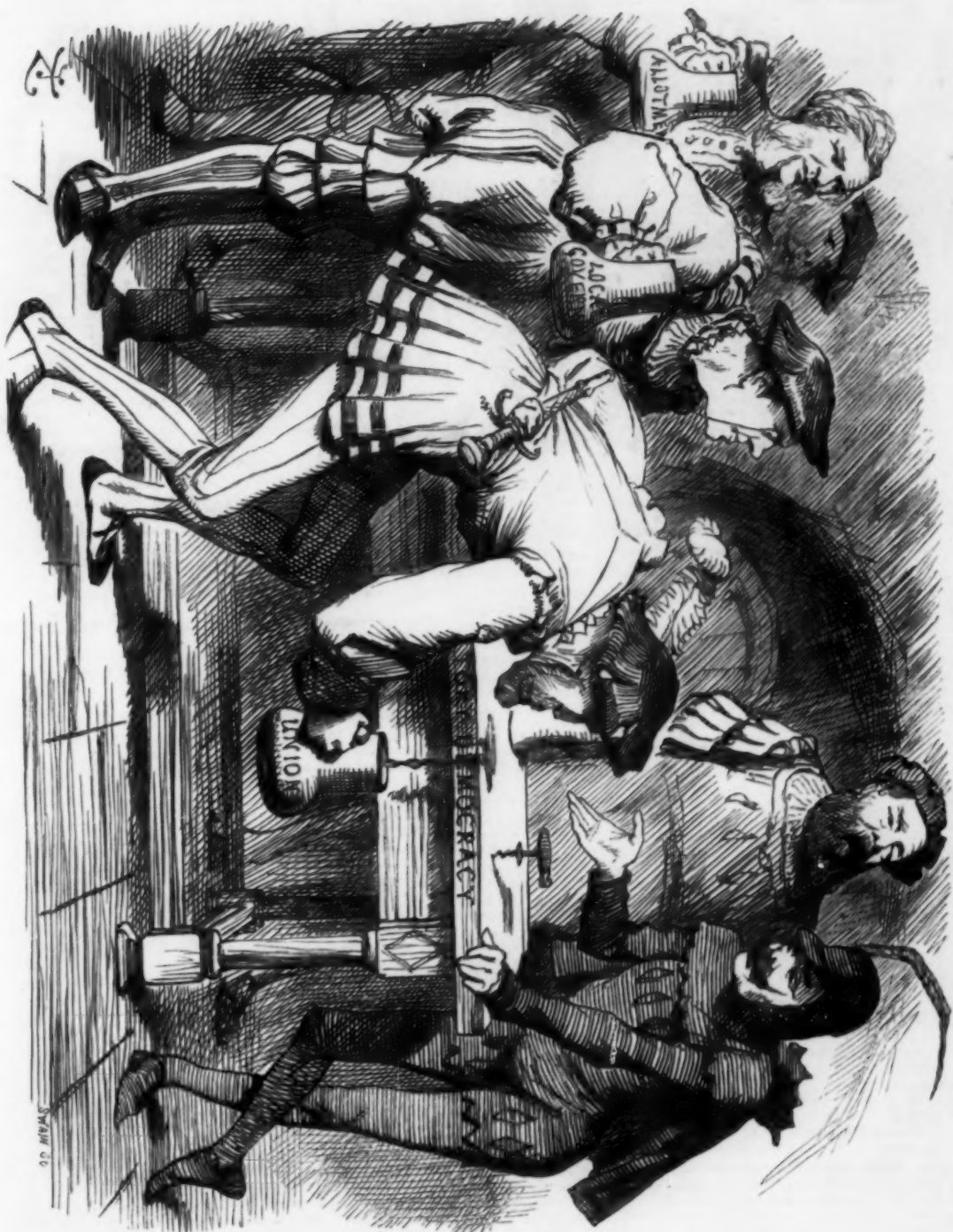
Faust (aside). Humph! If he tipples, I per-
 force must follow.

And what a mouthful I shall have to
 swallow!

Mephistopheles. Fetch me a gimlet! Now,
 what will you take?

Altmayer. How mean you? Have you wine
 of every sort?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 6, 1886.



LITTLE MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles. Precisely. Each may his selection make.

Altmayr (aside). I say, is this black magic, or mere sport?

Mephistopheles (boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where Froch is sitting).

Now, get some wax—and make some stoppers—quick!

Altmayr. Faugh! This is nothing but a jug—Come! Look me in the face! No fooling now!

You are but making fun of us, I trow.

Mephistopheles. Ha! ha! That would indeed be making free

With such distinguished swells. Come; why What liquor can I serve you with, I pray?

Altmayr. Humph! Let the others choose. I—well, I'll see.

All, or nearly so (as they draw the stoppers, and the wine chosen by each runs into the glasses).

O wondrous spring, that flows so full, so fair!

Mephistopheles. Spill not a single drop, my friends. Beware!

That's the sole danger. Our true bond and tether is this: "Drink steadily, and all together!"

[They drink repeatedly, a few, however, hanging back.

They're in their glory; mark their elevation! *Faust.* O let me hence! Need we our stay prolong?

Mephistopheles. Don't be in such a hurry. You Wait, and you'll see a wondrous revelation.

[Left drinking together—for the present.



THE DOG SCARE.

THE POLICEMAN AS HE OUGHT TO BE (PROPERLY PROTECTED) OUTSIDE THE SIX-MILE METROPOLITAN RADIUS.

FROM THE *Manchester Guardian*, October 28:—

HALLÉ'S CONCERTS.—ONE GOOD RESERVE BODY FOR SALE: alternate nights.

Sinister announcement. But a great attraction for Medical Students.

THE LATEST OF THE "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ."

THANKS TO MR. AMBROSIO AUSTIN, *Mr. Punch* had another chance of hearing MRS. ADELINA PATTI once again, on Wednesday last, before leaving for America.



"Au revoir!"

Mr. Punch is always delighted to see MR. CUSINS acknowledging his reception, shooting out his immaculate wristbands, squaring his shoulders, expanding his chest, and setting himself to work as if in conducting an orchestra he was going in for a pugilistic match against Time, and was determined to beat the old chap hollow. "One tune down, 't'other come on," seems to be MR. CUSINS' defiant and triumphant motto. As the American Droll who was at the Gaiety last summer would say, "He's so English, you know." And this *Mr. Punch* records to his praise. The grand-voiced MR. HENSCHKE sang "Revenge! *Timotheus cries,*" magnificently, yet *Mr. Punch* is fain to admit that he has had something too much of TIMOTHY, and hopes not to hear of him and his revenge for some considerable time. Miss HILDA WILSON was recalled after BEETHOVEN'S "Creation Hymn," but at this moment the vast audience was occupied less with the "hymn" than with the "her," for ADELINA was the next on the list. In excellent voice—she never was in better—she gave an aria from *Rigoletto* in the most captivating manner, and then, by way of response to the enthusiastic encore, she sang "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town" in such a style as would have brought all the inhabitants out of Edinboro' for miles round to listen entranced, and not to begrudge that "bang went saxepe" to the sweet singer.

MR. CARRODUS after the "Rondo Papageno," from a *Magic Flute* theme by ERNST, was "called" and returned, diffidently. MR. BARTON MCGUCKIN sang instead of SIM REEVES, and, needless to say, met with a most gratifying reception.

The *Meistersinger* overture left MR. CUSINS once more triumphant and fresh for another encounter. ADELINA then sang the brilliant "O luce di quest'anima"—which would have given Lord RANDOLPH a chance for another pun about a luce'd style—it wasn't bad

for a Chancellor of Exchequer, and proved that he had carefully read *Mr. Punch's* review of MR. LUCY'S *Two Parliaments*. Very good, your Lordship!—and in return for the inevitable encore, she sang "Comin' thro' the Rye." This the audience cheered to the echo, and there is still an echo in the Albert Hall, which some mean folks consider an advantage, as it gives them more for their money. Then MR. HENSCHKE sang "Gazing round upon this fair Assembly," with which the fair assembly seemed remarkably pleased.

MR. ENGEL, composer, critic, journalist, and accompanist, then appeared on the scene in such a pleasant and casual sort of way as to suggest the idea of his having been accidentally passing, when, on hearing sounds of revelry within, he just looked in to see if he could be of any service, and had then and there been collared by MR. CUSINS, and taken straight to the harmonium, where, being alone for awhile on the platform, he appeared as the Incomplete Engle-r, until to him entered SIGNOR NICOLINI, to sing "Nell," a song composed most appropriately by "ADAM." The vocalist reached a top-note that caught the audience, and they had him back to do it again, when once more he reached the giddy height successfully.

Then, as a farewell, ADELINA sang "The Last Rose of Summer," followed by "Home Sweet Home," and after this *Mr. Punch* overcame by his feelings, could bear no more. Mastering his emotion, he left the theatre with his own overcoat, hat, and stick, threw himself into his brougham and did not absolutely recover until he had quaffed a glass of sparkling nectar, in honour of the Diva on the occasion of this latest of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"WALKS IN EPPING FOREST."

WHEN'E'R I take my walks abroad | The Guide by PERCY LINDLEY,
The Epping glades to see; | Is the one I take with me!

"WAR AND PEACE."

IN three stout volumes here Count *TOLSTOI* gives
A wondrous picture he calls *War and Peace*.
From Eighteen-Five to Eighteen-Twenty he
Depicts the fortunes of the Russian State:
With graphic force and realistic touch,
He mixes fact and fiction with such art,
That readers find it difficult to tell
Where romance ends and history begins!

"WHEN the Clergyman made that mistake in his sermon," said Mrs. RAM, "the congregation couldn't help twittering."



EGYPTIAN HORS-D'ŒUVRES.

Hungry Gaul (to hungry Briton, who is taking all the Radishes). "SAPRISTI, MONSIEUR! MAIS MOI AUSSI J'AIME LES RADIS!"
Hungry Briton. "OUI, MONSIEUR. MAIS PAS TANT QUE MOI!"

"THIS VILLANOUS SALTPETRE!"

So difficult, when you're calling anywhere, to begin your conversation effectively. Quite grateful to this afternoon for being the Fifth. Enter a drawing-room full of ladies and children, and glide gracefully into the talk, directly I sit down, with reference to "Guys"—any other afternoon it might seem rude—to-day it's merely appropriate. Guys a capital subject—we really don't seem able to get away from them, everyone describing Guys she has met. Pretty girl opposite tells how she met a *hideous* one three Novembers ago, and will never forget him as long as she lives. Happy Guy! If only she would remember me like that!

Conversation languishes—revive it judiciously with allusion to fireworks. Talk fireworks till I'm really startled at my own brilliancy. See I've made an impression. When I rise to go, in blaze of my own red fire, hostess wonders "whether Mr. TIMMERMAN would care to stay and help us out in our little festivities this evening—it would be so kind, wouldn't it, FLORENCE?"

FLORENCE is the pretty girl—I believe I'm dining out somewhere—but I'll stay. She shall learn to know me in Dumb-Crambo!

After tea, discover it's not Dumb-Crambo—it's fireworks. As the only man, I'm afraid they'll expect me to let them off. I don't care to explain, after talking so familiarly about them, that the explosion of the mildest bon-bon invariably makes me jump like a rabbit, but, as a matter of fact, I'm like that. Confound my fatal brilliancy!

I *knew* they would—they have selected me to deal with these combustibles. I dare say they don't mean it, but it is trespassing on my good-nature. Why can't they *hire* a fellow to do it?

In the hall. Boys bring up box full of dangerous explosives. "Mr. TIMMERMAN, isn't this a Chinese Flower-Pot?" "No; Mr. TIMMERMAN, it's a Devil-among-the-Tailors, isn't it?"

Whichever it is, I would rather they wouldn't hold it just under my nose! And rattling the box about like that, too, when the *slightest jolt*—but perhaps I'm thinking of dynamite. Fancy the boys have found out I'm afraid, already.

Pitch-dark outside. Good. Nobody at the windows will notice

WHAT OF THE ("SATURDAY") NIGHT?

"WHAT of the Night?" O genial gracious "Saturday,"
 Mean you the night in which your mind's involved,
 Time-mellowed "slasher" of this milder latter-day?
 If so, your little puzzle soon is solved.
 That night is starless, moonless, tenebrous,
 And unilluminated even by fancy's ray.
 The mental darkness surely is terrific
 Which will not give imagination play.
 Nox must have turned a tyrant harsh, supreme,
 When he won't even let his victim *dream*.

The old Astronomers were less unfortunate,
 They patterned out the sky at their sweet will.
 Think you the claims of fact are so importunate
 That fancy may not take some licence still?
 No, gentle Mentor, our ideal picture
 Was *not* intended for a stellar chart.
 So kindly, and so comic, is your stricture,
 Punch chides not, but with hand upon his heart,
 Explains—how could it slip your observation?—
 His was a quite ideal Constellation.

Think you his fancy he would put the drag on,
 Hamper his picture, mar its subtle drift,
 Because the Bear, or if you please the Waggon,
 Hath a sky-attitude that may not shift?
 Pooh! pooh! Punch manufactures his own Urss,
 Outlined in stars no telescope will show.
 Head foremost, right side up, or *vice versa*
 What matter, save to wits exceeding slow?
 Who to see this, could fail, or could refuse,
 Save very little boys, or great Reviews?

There! Punch for once has deigned to give an answer,
 Since in your funny, but polite, appeal
 There's scarce a touch of Scorpio or of Cancer,
 And for your mental night he's bound to feel.
 What of it now? It was "extraordinary"
 (As you with elegant elision say)
 Concerning this sidereal vagary
 He trusts that now it is as clear as day.
 But may you not be struck by star—or moon—
 When studying Mr. Punch's next Cartoon!

HELP TO AN HONEST LIVING.—Abolition of Purchase in the Church.

who lets off what. Shall get round a corner, and look on quietly. Mustn't be selfish—it's the boys' treat. . . .

Some officious fool has brought out a stable-lantern. Discovered! Now to dissemble! "Who-oo! Hooley! Here's a frolic, boys, hey?" Shall let somebody else begin. Wish there was a Professor of this kind of thing, *Practical Pyrotechny in 'Six Easy Lessons*. I'd go—if he'd lecture on the lawn, and let me take notes indoors.

As things are, best way is to find out the fireworks with least foolery about them—and stick to them. Portfires now? Never heard of anyone blowing himself up with a portfire . . . there, it's easy enough, if you hold it well away and ——— phew! they might have told me it was a squib!

"Mr. TIMMERMAN, please come and hold this Roman candle for me—it ought to shoot up those pretty coloured balls, oughtn't it? but I can't get it to begin." It's the pretty girl! I thought she was indoors—girls should leave these matters to men!

Either this Roman candle is faultily constructed, or else I've been holding it the wrong way up—otherwise I should hardly have got two of the pretty coloured balls down my arm! Think the rust touched up the family dog, and serve the beast right! . . .

What? let off those rockets! no, no—I mustn't monopolise *all* the fun, let one of the boys do it—it seems they don't like to. And boys are supposed to be so *plucky*!

If I must, I must, as they've evidently got into their heads that I'm a kind of Fire King, or a Salamander.

Rockets all in a row, tied to small stakes awaiting ascension—like martyrs. Poor little things! Lucky someone blew the lantern out just then—gave me time to spike six of them, now if nothing happens I can say they're damp.

Perhaps I had better discharge an able-bodied one, or they'll think it so odd—here goes—stand away—it's started! Stick suddenly slants in my direction . . .

I've no doubt it breaks, as TENNYSON says, "molten into flakes of crimson, or in emerald rain"—but I don't see it, I am looking the opposite way, and unless I am much mistaken, most of the crimson and emerald rain is lodged in my coat-tail pockets—don't see anything to laugh at—they may let off the other rockets themselves, that is, if they can!

TWO VIEWS OF THE SOCIALISTS AND LORD MAYOR'S DAY.



Col. Henderson. "Ah! I ONLY WISH THE SOCIALISTS HAD GIVEN ME NOTICE OF WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO BEFOREHAND, AND I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE 'GREAT UNEMPLOYED.'"

Bill Sikes. "WOT! NO PERCESSION O' POOR HONEST COVERS OUT O' WORK! NO WRECKIN' SHOPS AND COLLARIN' THE SWAG! AN' THIS 'ERE'S WOT THEY CALL A LAND O' LIBERTY! UGH!"

Nothing will suit Miss FLORENCE now but that I should undertake the firing of a maroon. I know a maroon—a beast of a thing that explodes like a whole park of artillery!

There was a sailor marooned on "Treasure Island"—but I'm not going to be marooned, if I know it. Most dangerous and improper performance with all these children about—in my opinion.

There! In spite of all that Benral fire, I don't think any one noticed me burying that maroon. Perhaps it will come up some warm day next summer—startling at a garden-party. Shall decline out-door invitations here.

"Look here, you boys, I tell you what—it's not gentlemanly to put a lighted cracker in my pocket—it's bad form, and, if it occurs again, I—I shall go indoors." Almost wish it would occur again! It is too bad. Universal call on me now to touch off the "Set Piece"—a complicated and formidable engine, about as big as a bicycle! Delicate situation, very—everybody looking on—no escape. Light it—anywhere—and bolt!

It must be out of order, or what makes it erupt violently at three places, and then, as if it was playing a parlour game, "turn round three times, and catch whom it may"—but it don't catch me!

It is bounding and rolling madly over the lawn, amidst a general stampede . . . There—it has hopped into the box containing the remainder of the fireworks!!! I don't know what others mean to do—I shall lie down . . . Something unpleasant is going to happen presently—meanwhile, suspense very trying.

Ha—it is happening now, with a vengeance! Everything seems to be coming my way! There are "fiery serpents" wriggling up my legs, "silver showers" falling down my neck, "devils" and "golden flowerpots," and all the rest of their infernal nonsense whizzing round my head—crashes, and howls, and shrieks! Well, they've no one but themselves to blame!

Get up, and glance round cautiously—garden looking, and smelling, like a field of battle.

"So," says Miss FLORENCE, coming up with a laugh I don't like, "you let off more than anybody else—after all!" I'm afraid she did see me with the maroon!

Shall I go in and be thanked? With my hair in powder (gunpowder), hands black, smouldering coat-tails, no more eyebrows than a phrenological bust, and a pervading savour which is simply diabolical—I think perhaps not.

Better taste to leave quietly, under the circumstances, only I wish I could feel more certain that the pretty girl will keep quiet about that maroon.

Ah, well, I shall have no difficulty in remembering this Fifth of November!

"SAINT LUDMILA."

MESSRS. NOVELLO's recent Oratorio Concert was devoted to the performance of DVORAK's *Saint Ludmila*, and drew a very large audience. The work consists of three parts, involving constant employment for the soloists, who were on this occasion Madame ALBANI, Miss HOPE GLENN, Mr. LLOYD, and Mr. SANTLEY. The Oratorio is apparently designed to suit the English public, and is, perhaps, none the worse for containing here and there suggestions of HANDEL and MENDELSSOHN. On the other hand, some numbers are particularly original and ingenious, the chorus, No. 11, "*Hark, what can be the noise?*" and many others, being masterpieces of descriptive treatment both of voices and orchestra. Madame ALBANI and Miss HOPE GLENN (the latter being unusually perfect in the contralto part) were in admirable voice, as was also Mr. LLOYD. The bass music allotted to Mr. SANTLEY seemed at times a little lower than he cared to go, but altogether the rendering was most satisfactory, and highly appreciated. The band played well, and the difficult choruses were, on the whole, admirably sung.

The composer was certainly in love with his libretto, when setting it to music; each line is dwelt upon, reiterated, and evidently only relinquished with regret. This makes the Oratorio a lengthy affair, and considerable as are the "cuts" made since its production at Leeds, there is room to curtail it even further. Once more we feel constrained to ask, why are Concerts *always* too long? This is one of the things which No Fellow can understand—perhaps NOVELLO can. A fine programme is announced for the next Concert of the series on November 23, when GOUNOD's third *Messe Solennelle* and Sir ARTHUR's *Golden Legend* will be heard. Messrs. NOVELLO, Mr. Punch heartily wishes every success to EWER undertaking!



CAUTION.—One week the *Saturday Review* ventured to question Mr. Punch's arrangement of the stars in his sublime Cartoon. The very next week the *Saturday Review* got a heavy blow in the Court of Queen's Bench, which made it see 300 stars, each one shining like a newly-minted sovereign. Strange this, but true, and carries an obvious moral with it.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

I.—CAPTAIN CANNON, UNATTACHED.



Most Clubmen in London know a tall middle-aged soldierly-looking man with hat tilted over his eyes, and the stump of a cigar held constantly between his teeth. His name is CANNON—Captain CANNON. He has commanded men in the tented field before now, but has been so long "about town," that were it not for his military title, one would forget the Service had ever claimed him for its own. On a fine sunshiny morning, some few months ago, this civilian warrior entered a Stock-broker's office and asked for the principal partner.

"Mr. TAPE, Sir, is ill—away to-day," replied a clerk who stood behind a mahogany counter, upon which was strewn a number of financial journals and share-lists; "but Mr. CHARLES is in."

"Then I will see Mr. CHARLES." And CANNON was shown into a small inner room, walled chiefly with ground-glass windows. The Captain tapped his walking-stick unconsciously on the floor, and passed his hand across his bleared eyes and weary brow. He had the appearance of having been up all night. He spoke with impatience, and yet his words came out with a drawl, as if his thoughts were rather sluggish and were disinclined to find verbal utterance. He was between fifty and sixty, pale, slim, and wiry. There was a faint suggestion of LEECH'S Swell of twenty years ago in his frock-coat with its very long skirt, and his cheek sailor-cut trousers. As he was kept for a few moments waiting, he drew out his pocket-book and looked with a frown through the pages.

"Sorry my father is away," said Mr. TAPE, Junior, entering briskly. He was a dapper young gentleman, who, after five, haunted some of the best of the West End third-rate Clubs. "He is ill."

"Very sorry to hear it," replied the Captain, shaking hands; "but I daresay you'll do as well. Look here. Your people have put me in a nice hole! How about Esquimaux Rails? I was nearly knocked out of time when I saw the tape at the Club last night. Gone down three! Made me trump my partner's best card. Haven't done such a thing for twenty years! So I got up before breakfast to see what it was all about. What is it all about?"

"Well, the fact is, I believe, that the demand for ice is less this year, and consequently the traffic—"

"Oh, drop all that," interrupted the Captain, with an ugly smile, "but I am rather hurried this morning, and came to talk business. I suppose it's a Ring that you told me nothing about—oh, I know, of course you weren't in it—but now the 'Account's' close up. The question is, shall I carry over?"

And then the two gentlemen discussed some of the greatest ventures of the day, in the spirit of a couple of authorities on racing matters, considering a sporting prophecy. At length, after ordering various purchases and sales, the Captain was satisfied, and with the remark that he thought "his book was now pretty straight, and, barring accidents, he ought to pull through," took his departure.

He got into his brougham and drove to half-a-dozen offices, belonging to as many companies. The object of these corporations were various. The three last he visited will serve as samples of the rest. One was a Workman's Bank; the next an Association for "supplying stained-glass windows for Churches, on the co-operative principle;" the third a combination for "introducing imitation cucumbers (so popular in America) into the United Kingdom."

The Captain strolled into the Board-room of each of these important Societies, and asked the same question, "Well, what's up?" The Secretaries (all more or less alike—men looking as if they were doing nothing in particular, in a careworn and anxious manner) had very much the same reply, "the new issue was going off slowly,—there wasn't much demand for it in the market." About the Bank, the stained-glass windows, and the imitation cucumbers, neither the Secretaries nor their visitor seemed to care a brass farthing.

After he had got through the list in his pocket-book, he paused for a good ten minutes lost in a brown study. CANNON was not the man to be "down," but still the morning's work had been so un-

profitable that it required all his determination to bear up against the bad luck that seemed to be setting in steadily against him. However, he made up his mind at last, and, after some hesitation, turned his steps towards the office of a Solicitor—"Mr. RICHARD PLANTAGENET"—in a back street off the Strand.

As CANNON walked in there was less jauntiness in his manner, and he asked for the gentleman he wished to see with something very like hesitation. A clerk with a nose and lips suggestive of an alien race, nodded towards an inner chamber, which the Captain entered. The room contained a few chairs, and one or two deed-boxes, that seemed (judging from the cobweb covering to the looks) but little used.

"You here!" said Mr. PLANTAGENET (who in spite of his name, bore a very strong family resemblance to the clerk in the office) in a tone of surprise, either real, or assumed. "What have you come for? Now, none of your games, Captaining. You know as well as I do, the Earl has bolted! Yes, bolted, Sir, and a week before I could touch him!"—"The Captaining," murmured something about "his people settling up."

"Now, nonsense, Captaining," replied Mr. PLANTAGENET with a strong Jewish accent, "the young man has taken to sheep-farming or something of that sort, and they ain't going to give him another chance. I don't want to be hard upon you, Captaining, because before now your introductions have been 'all right,' but then I've paid you handsomely for them—now haven't I, Captaining? I don't want words, and I bear my losses as well as any gentleman in my own line of business. But, Captaining, as I told you when we first met, I make it a rule not to have any mistakes—twice! Good morning, Captaining."

"Nearly three o'clock and all the morning wasted!" exclaimed CANNON, as he got back into his brougham and ordered the coachman to drive West. "By Jove, I must have a mouthful of breakfast, and then get to serious work!"

An hour later with his hat tilted over his eyes, and a glass of soda-water and brandy beside him on the table, he sat playing at whist. The time passed rather drearily. Men looked in and stood round the tables, some of them assisting in the game by indulging in "outside bets." CANNON with his pocket-book in front of him entered these ventures as each game in the rubber was finished. He produced his cards, which he held below the table, with perfect calmness, now puffing at a cigar, now sipping from the glass beside him. Once he cut out as fresh players joined the group, and then seized the opportunity to dress in the Club, and have a plate of soup, a cut off the joint, and a pint of wine for dinner. After this pause he was ready again for his "work," and was soon once more in the room, seated beside the green-baize table, with its shade-covered candles, its game-marking counters and its fresh pack of cards. Hour after hour passed. Men dropped in from the Theatres, stood looking on for a moment, and then drifted away into other parts of the Club. The waiters carrying the glasses or the compartment-fitted cigar-boxes, grew wearier and wearier, the hands of the clock travelled round. Still the Captain kept his seat with a slip of paper beside him, taking notes of the games he played as a winner or a loser, and entering in his pocket-book the outside bets. It was almost daylight when (after depositing his account in the proper place) he left the Club, entered his brougham and drove home.

His countenance was a study during that weary drive. The lines on the forehead, the crow's-feet beside the eyes, had grown deeper. His lips were firmly set, and the stereotyped smile with which he had during the past night received his luck, good or bad (it had been mostly bad), had entirely vanished. It was not easy to read the thoughts of a man so accustomed to self-control: but, in the privacy of the carriage, the face of CANNON told of a career all but finished, a tether nearly at its end. For all that he was calm enough as he left the brougham, and stood before the door of the chambers he rented in St. James's Street. He lighted a cigarette with a steady hand; then mounted to the third floor and entered his sitting-room. He paused, and carelessly glanced round. His eyes fell by chance upon a faded photograph of himself taken in uniform, when full of hope and pride he had just joined the Service, and long, long before the time had come when pressed by debts, he had been forced to realise the value of his commission. Turning away, he unlocked a drawer to put back his pocket-book. His hand accidentally touched a revolver. He drew the pistol out, and stood looking at it.

A great race has been won, the Bulls have beaten the Bears on the Stock Exchange, and a new Company has been promoted. A sunshiny morning, and some of the riders of the Park are walking their horses slowly up and down, as they listen to the Cavalry Band outside the Mess Room of the Knightsbridge Barracks. A phaeton, drawn by a spanking pair of "steppers," appears on the scene. The driver, a prosperous-looking gentleman, with a smile on his face and a flower in his button-hole, raises and lowers his whip hand, as he smilingly acknowledges a score of salutations. He has all the air of a man thoroughly satisfied with the world in general and himself in particular. "Do you know who that is?" inquires a fair Amazon. And her companion, a staid, magisterial-looking man, replies, with peculiar emphasis, "Rather. That's Captain CANNON."

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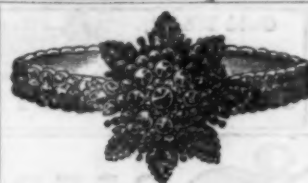
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